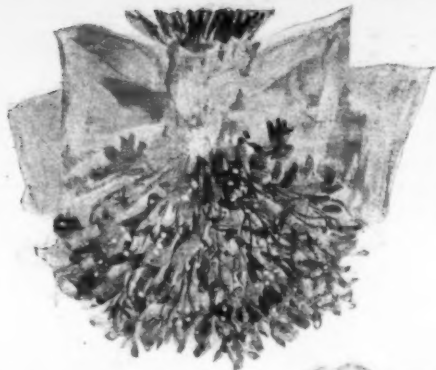


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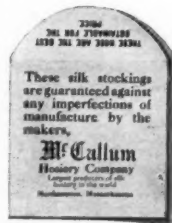
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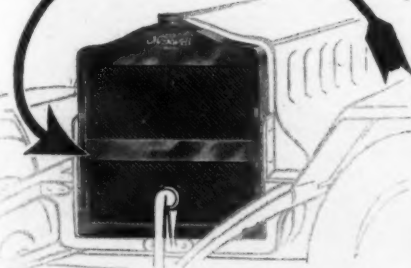
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## Life's Letter Box

ONE WHO IS WITH US

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Permit me to congratulate you on your comment on Mrs. Wharton, in your issue of November 26. I have nothing whatever against the lady personally, but she certainly does write the most dispiriting stuff to be as clever as she undoubtedly is. I don't care for the Comic Supplement, but I would suggest that we let Mrs. Wharton go first.

In passing I want to pay tribute to the genuine humor and real freshness in everything you publish. Every issue is a real joy. Of course I don't always agree with you—who does? You don't want or care for that. But I like your fair, fearless, clean style, and I wish you continued success in all your work.

Very truly yours,

ALBERT DRAPER,

BALTIMORE, Md., November 29, 1908.

NO DENIAL FROM US

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir.—LIFE is not only the best periodical of its kind in the world, but better still, it is, I believe, the only absolutely fearless and honest publication of any kind in America, uninfluenced by the Jew advertiser's money on the one hand, or clerical malice and ostracism on the other.

I thank Heaven there is one such paper left. Send prints to F. F. PATTERSON.

BALTIMORE, Md., November 20, 1908.

WOMEN AND THEIR HATS

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir.—Why do you put so many little cutting paragraphs in your paper about women who wear feathers, etc., on their hats? The paragraph you have this week about the father birds that were killed and the little sorrowing mother birds that were left in the nests and the "Merry Widow" hats is frightful. Why do the papers persist in hitting at the women for wearing these things when the men who traffic in them are to blame? Men pride themselves on their understanding and on going straight to the root of matters. Now, why do not the men who are opposed to cruelty to animals and unlawful business go after the people who make a business of killing little birds for the decoration of women's hats? They know where they get their goods and just how they are

(Continued on page 691.)

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THE KING OF PORTUGAL

## XVIII

Then up spake the young King of Portugal,  
"There is only one way to courtship,  
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### ACCOUNTED FOR

On a recent voyage of the Pacific Mail liner *China*, Capt. Dan Friele—"Ninety Fathom Dan," as he is called in affectionate tribute to his care for the lives and property dependent upon his skill—was annoyed by the persistent and not overwise chatter of a garrulous passenger. Whenever the captain appeared on deck his persecutor was there waiting with some idiotic question or inane and drawn-out yarn. One day the wind kicked up a nasty sea in which the *China* pitched and tossed like an eggshell in a pot of boiling coffee. "Ninety Fathom Dan," in dripping oilskins, his weather-beaten cheeks glowing from the lashing of the spray laden gale, came down from the bridge and at the saloon companionway was laylaid by the pest.

The pest's complexion was a muddy green and it required no experienced eye to see that the *China's* antics had shaken his system, full of bile.

"Morning, captain," he said.

"Morning," growled Dan, who started away in a hurry.

"Oh, captain; just a minute," persisted the pest. "I've crossed the Atlantic a dozen times in weather often worse than this, but I was never seasick before. Can you account for it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the captain.

"What do you think it is, captain?"

"Bad memory, sir!"—*San Francisco Call*.

### RANDOM SHOTS

I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where, till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half (\$6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats, and a neighbor swore that it killed his cats; and, rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents (\$4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—*Emporia Gazette*.

### AS HIS FATHER PUT IT

"Yes," said the old peer, "my son is willing to stand for Parliament.

"Unfortunately," he added, after a slight pause, "Parliament does not reciprocate."—*Youth's Companion*.



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## Life's Letter Box

(Continued from page 689.)

obtained—at what cruelty and unkindness. Women don't know. Their milliners assure them that the things they have are manufactured; that the "real article" is far too rare for general use, and far too expensive. What proof have women that these things are not manufactured—so many things are manufactured nowadays? The writer of this letter is quite certain of one thing and that is, that every man reading this would be the first to look with disapproval on his wife or sister who appeared in public with a plain, dowdy hat with a band of ribbon around it when everywhere he met pretty women with graceful feathery hats. Now, why do not the men whose business it is to make laws make a law preventing the destruction of birds? The blame does not rest with the women. I am surprised that so many of the papers just keep on writing scathing articles about women and their hats and nothing at all is said about the men who hire others to go out and kill the little birds, or about the men who actually do the killing and witness the cruelty and desolation they leave behind them. How about them? Are they blameless and simply tools of women's wishes? I think not. You would not find one woman *anywhere* who would traffic in such business, nor who would actually commit the cruel deed.

If this article were not confined to women and their hats, considerable might be said about other "sports"—birds that are killed by the hundred just to prove that a man can shoot straight; and deer that are cornered, every year, in the mountains, and people at every outlet of the runways to shoot them when they appear.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

November 19, 1908.

WHAT! LIFE WRONG?

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir.—Will the writer of the Household Problem in LIFE for November 19th glance at an able portrayal of his point of view in Mr. Hugh Leroux's description of a large mass of American business men? "The main point in giving a woman a college education is not that she is necessarily the worse for it but that her husband may be." The sublimely sordid phrase might indeed have been penned by that sublimely sordid individual who M. Leroux so satisfactorily describes.

Let us by all means do what we can to banish all intellectual sympathy, interest and stimulation between the sexes—and curtail the development of a woman's mind and character because a purblind ideal miscalling itself masculine demands it.

Everyone knows "there are few callings which afford more chance for fun than running a household," but it is not equally clear to all of us just why an educated woman with a broadened outlook and sense of proportion—to say nothing of some scientific knowledge of what she is about—should not get more fun out of it and do it better.

There are, despite M. Leroux, a few men and women in the country who prefer living together with some interests added to that of their physical well being.

Generalizations concerning the characters of men and women are used less and less by those who prefer looking into the subject before writing

(Continued on page 709.)

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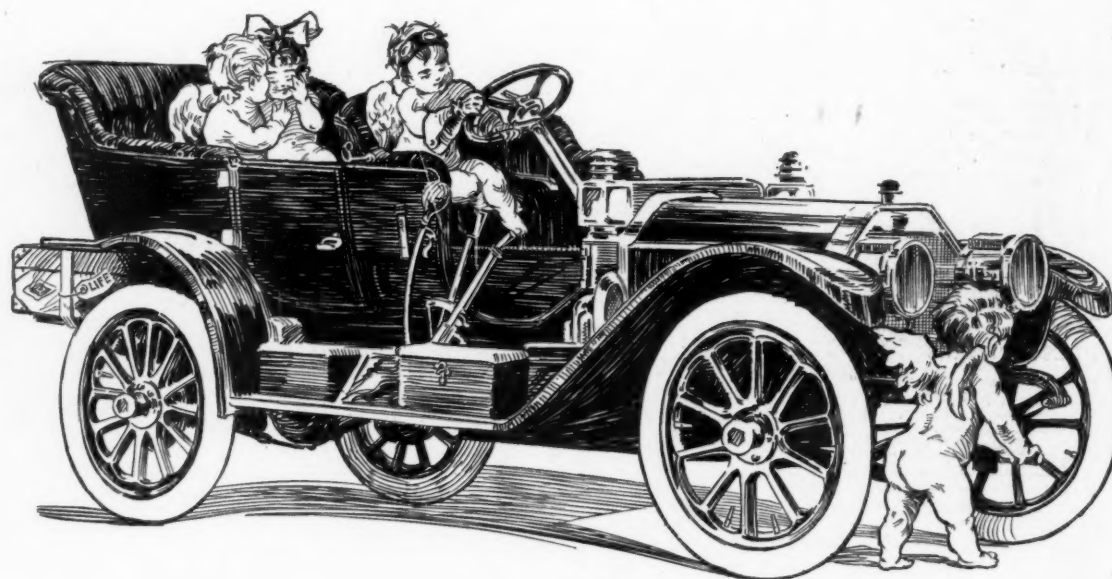
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• LIFE •

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# LIFE



## PSYCHICAL RESEARCHES

### A Handy Guide for Verse Writers

PROF. AMASA P. DANTRY, Ph.D., the well-known authority on Belles Lettres, has discovered the principle underlying all contemporary magazine verse. His monograph on the subject is most exhaustive, and rather beyond the intelligence of the average verse writer, and therefore we have presented the idea in simpler form.

The receipt is as follows: Take any proverb, the older the better, or some wornout platitude, and torture it into the form of a quatrain. It is necessary to steel the heart against the piteous cries of the aforementioned proverb, as the operation is likely to be anything but pleasant for it.

To illustrate this principle more clearly, we append several typical examples of the work of the foremost writers of the day, and the old saws

from which, according to Professor Dantry, they were derived:

#### I. THE RACE

Boy, thou shalt see some pass thee at the starting,  
Gaining by guile,—ah, let them do their worst.  
Keep thou thy road, nor right nor left departing,  
And at the finish all shall hail thee—  
First! *John Sembrick Biffs.*  
(Honesty is the best policy.)  
(The race is not always to the swift.)

#### II. THE MAGIC WORD

Yea, thou mayst tell me of the Lands of Morning,—  
Mountains of gold, and seas of jewelled foam;  
Still thou art blind, and know not, in thy scorning,  
The perfect magic of the one word—  
Home! *Limpon Dullard.*

(There's no place like home.)  
(A rolling stone gathers no moss.)

#### III. BAAL

The world bowed down before thy brazen glory,  
Swart demon-god, ablaze with bestial lust  
For blood of babes. Ensanguined ghoul and gory  
Thou, who ruled all, now minglest with their dust.  
*George Investor Seasick.*  
(Pride goeth before a fall.)  
(Death is the great leveler.)

With the help of these hints, and with such stirring examples as models, we feel sure that anybody with a working knowledge of the English language can soon learn to turn out work that will be acceptable in every way to the majority of editors. *Henry M. Hoyt, Jr.*





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII DECEMBER 17, 1908 No. 1364

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MR. CROKER'S strong desire to be respectable is a very interesting tribute to virtue. Having money, leisure and playthings, he wants to be just as much respected as any other of the rich people. He does not like it when the English papers say impolite things about him, and he makes them take them back. The other night in New York Mr. Andrew Freedman gave a dinner to him, and there were twelve supreme court justices among those who sat down to do the Ex-Boss honor. That the judges should have been there scandalized Rabbi Stephen Wise, and he called it a night of shame for New York. Mr. Croker disagreed to that, protested against the Rabbi's protest, and intimated that he was over fussy and a self advertiser.

Of course, the judges went to the Croker dinner. A good many, if not all of them owed their nominations to him, we presume, and how can the stream be expected to rise above its source? Croker used to pick some very good judges. Sometimes he did it because they suited him; sometimes because it was not safe not to. Tammany Hall governs New York, and usually fills the offices, judicial and otherwise. To be a judge is a lawful aspiration, and when there is no way to gratify it except by favor of Tammany,

Tammany's favor has to be won. It can be won lawfully and without much personal debasement—possibly without any. Some good men earned it in Croker's day, and were rewarded.

Croker was not a bad boss, as bosses go. He says himself that he was better than Tweed, and so he was, vastly better, and much more clever. He was a pretty notable master of men. He tried to give New York pretty good government, and had more or less success in that endeavor. New York, we believe, has sometimes been worse governed by better men than it was by Croker. We have heard it said, for instance, that it was very ill-governed when Mr. Hewitt was Mayor, though Mr. Hewitt was an admirable man.



THEN was Rabbi Wise wrong in saying it was a night of shame for New York when twelve judges sat down to the dinner in honor of Croker?

To our mind, he was not. It would have been absurd for the judges not to dine with Croker, but it is a shame that it should have been absurd. It is not that Croker is a particularly bad person—in some respects he is quite admirable, though not, to our mind, respectable—but that the system of government that he stood for, directed, and profited by, is rotten. Tammany, in Croker's time, and now, rests on the prostitution of power; the use for private profit of what should be used for the public profit only. Nobody doubts, we suppose, that gamblers, liquor-sellers and disorderly houses paid tribute to somebody for protection in Croker's time, as they have done more or less since that time, and that police captains got rich, and that all that was a part of the Tammany system of government. Nobody doubts, we suppose, that the public franchise corporations settled with Croker for what they wanted, and that plans for the improvement of the city were made to enrich persons who made them or knew what they were to be. That Tammany, and the men who managed it, had an immense rake-off in Croker's time at the cost of the people on what was done in the name of the people, we presume no one doubts. That it still gets

a rake-off on anything it can, is equally believed. That Tammany "works for its own pocket all the time," through possession of political power and traffic in it, is universally admitted. All that is shameful, and Croker cannot possibly escape such shame as belongs to him as a notable head and profit-taker of a shameful system.

But what is to do is not so much to wail about the system of Tammany as to beat it and get better government. That is a slow process, but it seems to be going on. Croker gave better government than Tweed did. Murphy is less potent than Croker. Tammany really seems to be going down hill. Heaven speed it on its course!

So, the judges were right in dining with Croker, because it would have been an affectation not to. And Rabbi Wise was right in saying that it was a shameful night for New York.



IT is a matter of foolish and mistaken pride in many important papers never to admit that they have been wrong. Injustice and loss to individuals from false news that cannot be effectively contradicted is matter of daily occurrence. The other day Mr. John La Farge was struggling to contradict a statement that went very generally through the papers that he was so ill as to be incapacitated for work. It was not true, and it had done him damage in his business. Just now President Roosevelt is denying the stories that have been current about his narrow escapes from being run over—first by a man on a bicycle, next by an automobile, next by a fire engine. And there are worse cases every day than either of these.

And the worst of it is that for the purely (or impurely) newspaper purposes of interesting the mass of careless readers and selling papers, a lie well cultivated is at least as good as the truth. Think of the enormous mass of gossip, largely false, that has been printed about Abruzzi and Miss Elkins! The greatest single remedy for the ills of politics and of society seems to be publicity, but it is mighty drastic medicine at best, and at worst it needs mightily to be made to conform to the pure-food law.

# Ballade of a Diner Out

NAPERY as white as snow;  
Glint of glass and silver sheen;  
Something with a golden glow  
Just to edge the hunger keen;  
Pretty garniture of green;  
Dainty food as fine as fable;  
Sooth, I dwell in Joy's demesne  
With you, sweet, across the table!

Laughter loud and whisper low,  
Music murmuring between;  
Sigh of swain and beam of beau,—  
All a merry, madcap scene;  
Mark yon maiden prink and preen!—  
Someone's Madge or Maud or Mabel!  
May I?—yes, I'd nearer lean  
With you, sweet, across the table!

How the moments tripping go  
Till the midnight hour is queen!  
What! depart? Nay, nay, not so!  
Let Time curvet and careen!  
Don gay Mirth for gaberdine  
While flows on the bubbling babel;  
Gray Care can not intervene  
With you, sweet, across the table!

## ENVOY.

Fates, that this dear boon bestow,  
Sunny are my thoughts, not sable;  
Happiness undimmed I know  
With you, sweet, across the table!

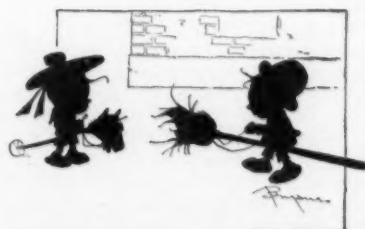
Archibald Crombie.

# Experiments in Chicago

ACCORDING to the reports published in the Chicago papers, Dr. Albert Woelful, of the medical department of the University of Chicago, has invented a new method of treating animals. He scorns the simple operation, which is at best untidy. In place of this he slowly starves them to death in order to discover

whether or not certain tissues exercised digestive effects upon surrounding tissues during starvation.

Doctor Woelful was assisted by his



"I KNOW MY HOSS AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, PERCY, BUT I'LL JUST RACE YOU ROUN' DE BLOCK FER A SIDE BET OF TWO TERBACCO TAGS AN' A COUPON!"



Irate Mr. Bug: WELL, NOW! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! HERE I PAY A FANCY PRICE FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING, AND THAT CONFOUNDED ROOMER OVERHEAD SPENDS THE NIGHT DROPPING HIS SHOES ON THE FLOOR.

friend, Dr. Anton J. Carlson, and, in the presence of the university staff, says the Chicago Record-Herald,

During the course of the experiments a number of the animals were killed in order to compare the tissues of starving dogs, cats and goats with those under a normal feeding regime. . . . Four groups of dogs and two groups each of cats and goats were subjected to the trials.

It will be remembered that John D. Rockefeller is largely responsible for the University of Chicago, also that he is the author of the Rockefeller Institute in this city, at which vivisection is openly practiced. Mr. Rockefeller is described

by those who know him as a kindly man, full of good impulses, and a devout Christian. "You could not be with him for fifteen minutes," said a recent admirer, "without being convinced of that fact."

Does Mr. Rockefeller think that his closing days, when he seems to desire to appear not so black as he is painted, will be more effective in producing this result by encouraging such people as Doctor Woelful and his kind?

In the mean time, what is the Chicago Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals doing, that it permits such things?

## New York Version



TEN little Israelites standing in a line,  
One set his store on fire, then there were nine.

Nine little Israelites in a Syndicate,  
One got into Wall Street, then there were eight.



Eight little Israelites never heard of heaven,  
One heard of golden harps, and then there were seven.

Seven little Israelites full of business tricks,  
One beat his creditors, then there were six.



Six little Israelites very much alive,  
One got his life insured, then there were five.

Five little Israelites always wanting more,  
One took to counterfeiting, then there were four.



Four little Israelites out on a spree,  
One ate too much ham, and then there were three.

Three little Israelites with nobody to do,  
One picked a pocket, and then there were two.



Two little Israelites with a queer idea of fun,  
Made faces at an Irishman, and then there was one.

One little Israelite in Jerusalem all alone,  
He got homesick for New York, and then there was none.



## The Alleviation

ONE month my lady is pleased to wear  
A collar cribbed from De Medici;  
A little later she's dressed her hair  
In coifs Elizabeth loved to see.  
Her lines go drooping despairingly  
As styles of the "Thirties" they next express.  
Though shocking these changes to you and me—  
Supposing the manners went with the dress!

Some Renaissance morning you'd have to bear  
The sight, perhaps, of your chum (were he  
Unloved in the heart of your lady fair)  
Departing in poisoned agony.  
In Tudor periods you would flee,  
That voice whose tones were a sweet caress,  
Which now with violent oaths makes free,  
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

Those Stuart corsets we men could spare,  
But yet it's fitter she sip her tea  
Than match your potions until you care  
No more how riots the family spree.  
The Georgian bonnet does not agree  
With our conception of taste, but less  
The gaming losses, the banker's fee,  
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

Dear, though your costume range history,  
Your own sweet self is the same to bless:  
And I'm content, as I ought to be—  
Supposing the manners went with the dress?  
*Layton Brewer.*

## Women and Education

SEVERAL correspondents have taken exception to LIFE's remarks on the subject of the education of women. Recently we took occasion to say that the college education of women might interfere with their household duties, because it was likely to make them become interested in things which were of less importance than those very duties.

The whole matter resolves itself into a definition of education, and whether the thing which we have come to call education is really worth while.

The danger of being educated was never so great as it is to-day. It is much greater for women than it is for men. Most young men succeed in recovering from their educations in time to save themselves. Being cast overboard into the swirl of events, it is a case of sink or swim. They are brought face to face with the concrete, and they soon find out that the value of what they know depends on how they have learned it, and the inevitable conclusion is thrust upon them that things are not learned from books but from actual contact with men and events. The opportunities which a man has to go through this straightening out process are much greater than with a woman. Women, after they have been educated, have but few means of correcting it. By temperament naturally more dependent than men, they come to believe that the education they have received is a real prop, instead of being a set of superficialities. If a woman, after she has been educated, gets herself married, and enters into the real business of life, she has a much better chance to correct her perspective than if she continues along the intellectual path, which is almost certain to leave her in the end high and dry on the shoals of empty formalities.





JUST IN TIME FOR THE EMBRACE

### The New Surgery

O H, ho! says Mike Maloney, as he comes from out the place  
Where they tinker up the organs of the "sub" and human race:

I've got two legs as good as those I had when I was born,  
And inside organs almost new—my old were quite well worn.

They'd been in ice cold storage for nigh on thirty days,  
(Those doctors do for certain have some mighty funny ways!)  
They tell me that my stomach was a German Jew's when new,  
And my liver the possession of a man who wore a queue.

A chorus girl's had been the heart forever more to beat  
Within my manly bosom, above my sober feet.  
And in place of floating kidneys, I have anchored hard and fast,

A pair which an old lady had found useful in the past.

I am all equipped for living. (I forgot to say, my leg  
Was taken from a drunken fool whose business was to beg.)  
And so—I'm starting fresh to make my way among the crowd,  
And win a reputation of which I may be proud.

What's this! This leg is taking me—of all things!—to a door,  
And forcing me to beg a meal! I never did before!  
But what am I to ask for? My own old palate yearns  
For ham and eggs and sausage, but my Jewish stomach turns.

It cries for kosher vittals and things with goose grease fried.  
I couldn't get them down my throat, however hard I tried!  
My heart, perplexed, is pounding hard, when, what is this I see?

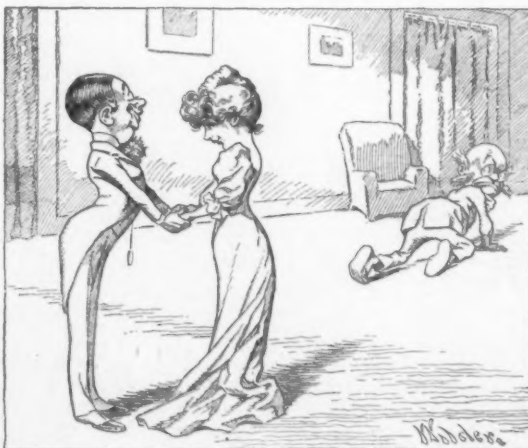
A pretty girl with flying curl is making eyes at me!

Alas! Alas! I can't respond! I used to, once, I know—  
But now my woman's heart is on the lookout for a beau!  
Good heavens! What am I to do, with all these mixed up parts?

These male and female organs, transplanted legs and hearts?

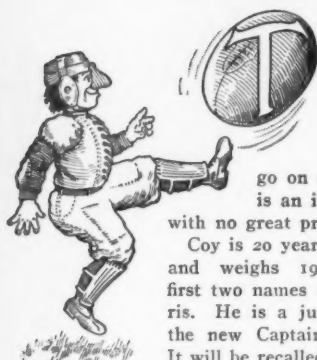
This blend of Jew and Gentile, Mongolian and Celt,  
Which in this doctor's shuffle the devil must have dealt.  
I'll go to Dr. Carrell, and get some cross-breed brains,  
To match the situation and keep it well in reins!

Frances C. Stimson.





### A Schoolmaster's Sons



THE great Coy—Coy of Yale—is the younger son of a school master! And yet school teachers will go on saying that theirs is an ill-paid profession, with no great prizes in it.

Coy is 20 years old, 6 feet high and weighs 195 pounds. His first two names are Edward Harris. He is a junior at Yale and the new Captain of the Eleven. It will be recalled that he won the Yale-Princeton match this year by his individual exertions, and that the Yale end of the story of the Yale-Harvard match was largely a record of his superhuman efforts to win that. Last Spring he filled a short engagement at first base on the Yale baseball team. He can jump high, and put the shot, and he is a member of the Junior Promenade Committee. Evidently he is a good and great young man. Eight or ten years ahead of him at Yale was a brother, Sherman Coy, described as "an end in Gordon Brown's football eleven in 1900, and manager of the track team," and so, presumably, a good (and may be great) young man in his day.

Looking behind these young gentlemen one finds Edward Gustin Coy, born in Ithaca, N. Y., in 1844, graduated at Yale in 1869, married (Marsh) in New Haven in 1873, taught Greek at Andover from 1873 to 1892, was master of the Hotchkiss School from 1892 until 1904, when he died.

It is pleasant, isn't it, to see the schoolmaster's boys come out strong? It is quite liable to happen that men who show talent for training other men's boys have tolerable luck with boys of their own. There was Thomas Arnold of Rugby, who raised Matthew and other considerable sons, and there are many other cases.

May be it's a joke that a teacher of Greek should have raised football champions, but that is all a matter of demand and supply.

ONE of the stockholders of the Standard Oil Company is also one of the stockholders of the *Outlook*. The esteemed *World* seems to feel that it

will be derogatory to Mr. Roosevelt's dignity in the circumstances to accept the pay of the *Outlook*. But, on the other hand, hasn't the Standard Oil Company all along been one of the principal stockholders of the Republican party?

### Coming

I am inclined to think that we all go first to one great planet that the Deity has provided for all mankind.—Hon. Wm. E. Chandler.

WHY this undue discrimination in favor of one planet? But assuming that Mr. Chandler is right (and he has the advantage in that there is no one who can successfully disprove him) then this planet would be known as the receiving planet.

The common herd would be sorted out, and in selected lots would be gradually made ready for shipment to other parts of the universe.

The whole affair would be not unlike a game of progressive euchre. Those who won would move up a planet, and those who lost would be given another opportunity on the same planet.

But the question naturally rises, Of what use is the game? Is it really any better than ping pong or jig saw puzzles?

It doesn't even kill time, for where there are some four hundred millions of stars, no standard of time has been established that would be valid for each.

Not to get anywhere but just somewhere else would grow increasingly monotonous; but, after all, who can tell? Perhaps this is the faint beginning of the modern Hell that the scientists are trying to evolve for us.

### Social Geography



THE Social Body is bounded on the north by Superstition, on the east by Tradition, on the west by Precedent and on the south by Conservatism.

Throughout the ages it turns slowly on an axis called Progress the two poles of which are Dreams and Action, respectively. When it gets clear around, it is said that a Revolution has taken place.

The surface of the Social Body is very uneven, the greater portion of it being flat, which is called Poverty, while there are a few conspicuous mountain peaks which are variously named, such as Riches, Greatness, Statesmanship.

Sometimes these are real and sometimes they are simply mirages.

The climate is very variable, ranging all the way from extreme warmth called Love to bitter cold, Hate.

Its chronic state is in Darkness, but always struggling for a Light that it cannot reach.

Ellis O. Jones.

### A Stride Forward

SPEAKING of the Tariff, the New York Times says:

Not one of the men who have pleaded for the retention of present duties or the imposition of heavier ones has deemed it necessary to give a better reason for the granting of his desire than that it would enable him to maintain or increase his profits.

In a certain sense this is really a bright spot in our body politic, for it shows at least that there is one thing which men do not deem it necessary to be hypocritical about. The proper way, of course, would be to protest that they are willing to submit to the imposition of a tariff if it benefits the whole people, even should they have to make a sacrifice of themselves.

Baldly to state, however, they want it because it puts money in their own pockets, argues for that higher morality, which, robbing a man in broad daylight, scorns the cheap subterfuge of a mask.

### Clip Off a Cipher, Andy

"Most have not got as much as they deserve; I have a great deal more."—The Laird.

YES, Andy, about \$350,000,000 more—leaving you a balance in eight figures as your due for being smart. You might lose a cipher off your fortune, Andy, to the profit of all hands. It is not merely that you have more than you deserve, but that what you have got bears no relation to your deserts or anybody else's. Nor to their need, either.

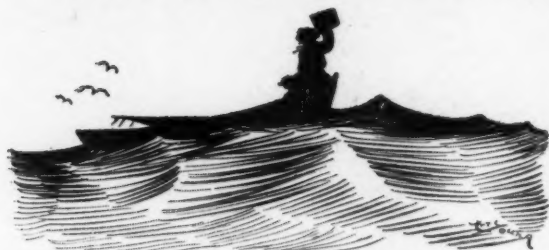
### "Evils"

THE names of the board of directors of the National Bank of North America, which was "used" by Charles W. Morse, are John H. Flagler, William H. Havemeyer, Charles M. Schwab, John W. Gates, Mahlon D. Thatcher and Robert M. Thompson. Judge Hough, in scoring them for permitting Morse to carry out his plans, has dubbed them "Supine." He might have added, with Sandys:

So supine negligent are they, or perhaps so wise, as of passed evils to endeavour a forgetfulness.

Only, in their case the "evils" were not so much passed as ever present.

# Shots at Truth



"Riches, one may say, are like sea-water; the more you drink the thirstier you become."—Schopenhauer.



"Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,  
And the creature run from the cur: There,  
There, might'st behold the great image of authority;  
A dog's obeyed—in office."

King Lear.



"It is difficult to rise if your poverty is greater than your talent."—Juvenal.



"That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrongdoing."—George Eliot.

## Nervousness

THERE is a general and widespread belief that in this country nervousness reaches its highest pitch; and yet it is undoubtedly true that there is a lack of concerted effort in the direction of the higher nervousness.

Our women's voices reproduce very well our national nervousness. They are high-pitched, resonant and nosey, but are they as high-pitched, resonant and nosey as they might be, if the proper amount of effort was being made to produce a more harmonious result along these lines? At a dinner, for example, all the women vie with each other to see who can talk the loudest, the result being that they all talk in the same direction, which is up. Now if they would naturally arrange themselves like a Sousa band, they could

really make a louder and more richly varied noise, and be more broadly nervous than at present.

Although I lay myself open to criticism, I unhesitatingly assert that the power of being nervous is yet in its

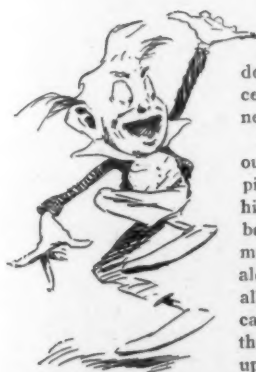
infancy. The fact that we have made such apparent progress in such a short time doesn't mean that we have lost the power of development. If fifty years ago dinner parties were conducted in an ordinary monotone, and they are now semi-hysterical, there is really no reason why they shouldn't progress to screeching. We shall all screech soon, and take it as a matter of course.

At present there are several forms of nervousness, including nervous dyspepsia, nervous prostration and nervous prosperity.

Nervous dyspepsia may be produced by a number of causes: as when one's wife is a member of all the bridge clubs in the vicinity; when one employs a specialist; or when one attempts to live within one's income. Nervous prostration is indulged in by many ladies who have exhausted all other pleasures. Nervous prosperity is produced by an all-seeing tariff, which enables a few to trade in Wall Street and spend their vacations in Palm Beach, where they continue their nervous life without interruption.

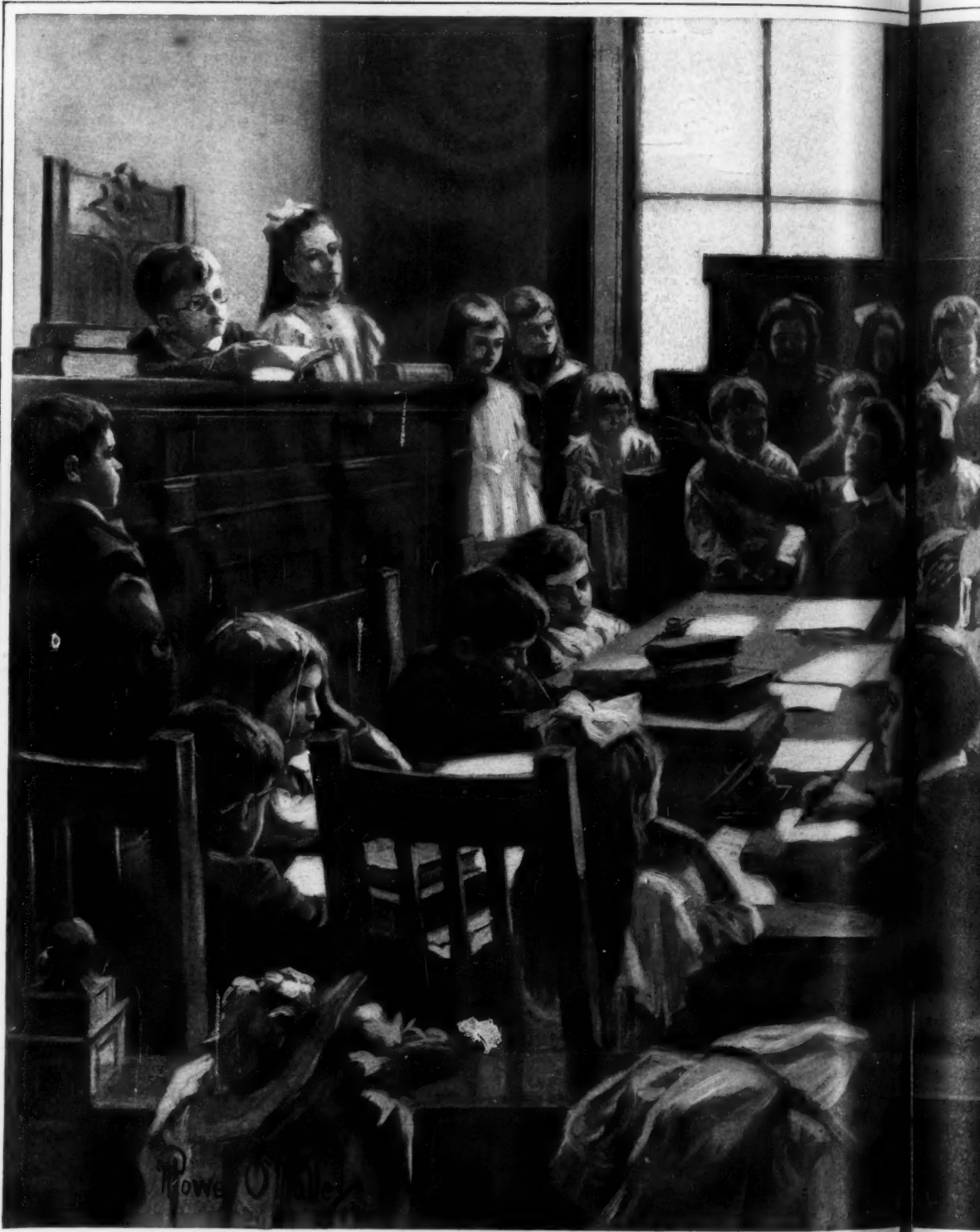
Nervousness proceeds directly from nerve. As we have an unlimited supply of pure, unadulterated nerve, our nervousness is likely to continue. All we need to do is to reduce it to a system.

Thomas L. Masson.





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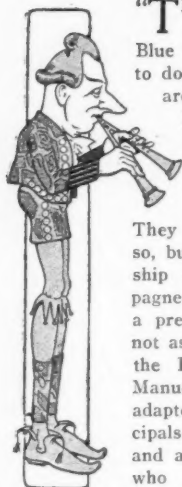
THE INVESTING COMM  
SANTA CLAUS TO THE D... IS HE A R



INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE  
TO THE BOYS: IS HE A REAL PERSON?



### All Sorts and Conditions of Stage Doings



"THE Pied Piper" of Mr. De Wolf Hopper has nothing to do with rats, and "The Blue Mouse" of Mr. Clyde Fitch has as much to do with mice. In other respects, these titles are apparently suited to their purposes.

Mr. Hopper's "The Pied Piper" takes the hero of Robert Browning's legend in his post-graduate days, and pictures him as having started a new town with the children he piped away from Hamelin.

They are innocent, and he tries to keep them so, but folks from our world land from an air-ship and make them acquainted with champagne and other vice-provokers. All this makes a pretty and picturesque stage story, although not as laugh-inspiring as one might expect from the Hopper trade-mark. The music by Mr. Manuel Klein is not pretentious, but is tunefully adapted to its subject. The supporting principals are the always dainty Marguerite Clark and a female comedian named Grace Cameron, who continuously and tiresomely mistakes coarseness for comedy. The production, which in scene and costume is very attractive, also includes one of the ugliest choruses seen in New York since the early days of the Metropolitan Opera House.

How we have changed our point of view! A decade ago Mr. Clyde Fitch would have hesitated, perhaps even declined, to attach his name to "The Blue Mouse." But other days, other morals, and our sense of stage decency has been so insidiously and rapidly undermined that audiences comprising men and women of refinement as well as decent-appearing young persons of both sexes sit through "The Blue Mouse" and take its indelicacies (to use a mild term) as a matter of course, or coarse, as you prefer to spell it.

There has been some adverse criticism on the exploiting of a declassed woman as one of the minor characters in Mrs. Fiske's "Salvation Nell." There is some excuse for this part in a serious drama dealing with real conditions, and not holding vice up to admiration or imitation. But "The Blue Mouse" has no such excuse. It is a play made solely to amuse, and takes its title from the heroine. Her trade is made obvious not only in speech and environment, but in physical suggestiveness. She is in a way glorified, and her smartness of speech, garb and manner are set forth for possible imitation by those in the audience too young or too silly not to have learned that our stage has become a most dangerous guide in both manners and morals.

Hardened sinners will find "The Blue Mouse" a laughable farce adapted, with some skill, by Mr. Fitch from the German of Engel and Horst, to fit what might be conditions here if they did not lie so far outside the bounds of possi-

bility. Mr. Fitch has made his first and third act extremely funny. The complications provided in the second by the German authors were evidently too much for Mr. Fitch's genius, and it is a sad jumble in which the broadness is relieved by little that is laughable.

Mr. Fitch has gained the reputation of being the dramatist of America's polite world. He would have shown better discretion had he stayed there instead of venturing into the half-world of "The Blue Mouse."

EVIDENTLY some strong political influence was brought to bear on New York's Board of Aldermen to make them pass the ordinance which puts ticket-speculating on the sidewalk under the ban of the law. For years press and public have demanded the abolition of this nuisance, and the Aldermen have stood by the speculators. All of a sudden they pass the ordinance unanimously. One explanation is that this year the theatrical managers asked for the legislation and brought their political influence to bear. If this is true, it is natural to infer that if the managers had wanted it the speculators would have been abolished long ago. Which confirms LIFE's often-repeated statement (made for the last time, it is hoped) that

*A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside.*

The Yale men are coming to town again. They will be seen at the Waldorf at a matinee and two evening performances on January 4th and 5th in Sheridan's "The Critic" and "The Fire-Eater," by Charles Selby.

What is a Dippy Dubb? Well, a Dippy Dubb is the husband of a Yappy Dubb. For further particulars you will have to see Mr. Henry E. Dixey in "Mary Jane's Pa," an unusually clever American play by Edith Ellis. It contains as its leading character a charming creation which might have been drawn from or suggested by the hero of Mr. Locke's delightful "Beloved Vagabond." Mr. Dixey realizes its possibilities admirably, and they fit him as though they had been made to his measure. He is always at his best with children, and here his own charm is enhanced by the brilliant child-acting of a little girl named Gretchen Hartman. In the com-



A POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCE OF THE NEW ORDINANCE

"CHOICE SEATS—RIGHT DOWN IN FRONT!"



pany are also other excellent artists, including Ann Sutherland, who capably portrays the kind of helpful woman who in the time of stress becomes a country editor and job-printer. There is also an unusually attractive ingenue named Marjorie Wood.

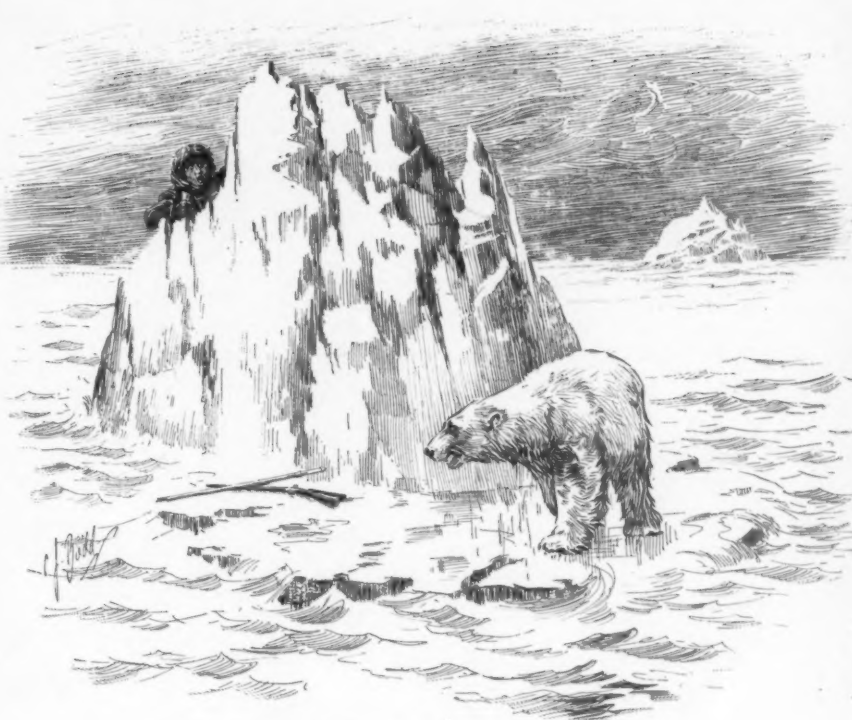
"Mary Jane's Pa" is wholesome, funny and interesting. It's worth seeing.

THE success of "The Servant in the House" gave Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy an erroneous impression. It was an unusual play, and its main idea appealed to a very considerable section of the public. But it was because it had a main idea and not because it was an unusual play that it made its successful appeal. "The Winterfeast"—or "The Winterfrost," as it has been dubbed by the ribald—had no main idea worth its five weary acts of canned language and confused slaughter.

When a good man goes wrong he goes a good deal worse wrong than the man of whom not so much was expected. At least, it seems so. Mr. Kennedy, in writing "The Winterfeast," apparently got drunk with the joy of fine writing, and did not know when to stop. Three acts of lines packed with archaic terms would have been quite enough for his most enthusiastic admirers, to say nothing of the less admiring public. Three acts would have been quite enough to tell all that he had of story. Many long speeches which were interjected at the cost of the action and which in themselves did not seem of great literary value might well have been omitted. The beautiful stage pictures the play presented would have counted for much in a condensed version. Even the fine cast provided slumped under the excessive labor provided for its abilities. Mr. Walter Hampden in a double role, Mr. Frank Mills and Mr. Arthur Lewis in parts well suited to them, even that delightful artist, Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, succumbed to the strain of talk, talk, and little else than talk.

Mr. Kennedy means well for the stage, and has high ideals, but in future plays he must think less of his own pleasure in writing and more of the right of his audiences to be interested.

"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" at the Circle Theatre calls for no extended notice from LIFE. The vulgarity and indecency which are its principal characteristics may not be noted by the



WHICH ONE WILL GET A CHRISTMAS DINNER?

daily newspapers, but are likely to be made known by word of mouth. It is reported that in Washington the police officially criticised and censored the piece. In New York the police only interfere with educational plays, like Mr. Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Actual indecencies when backed up by political pull are beneath their official notice. Tammany is running up a large account to be settled at the polls next year. Its aid in debauching the theatre may be one debit item.

Metcalfe.



Academy of Music—"The Red Mill," with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone of *Scarecrow* fame as the comedians. Tuneful and funny.

Astor—"The Man from Home." Mr. W. C. Hodge starred as an amusing Indiana *deus ex machina*.

Belasco—Mr. Arliss's interesting survival of the fittest among *The Devils*.

Bijou—"A Gentleman from Mississippi." The fun of official life in Washington exploited by Messrs. Wise and Fairbanks.

Broadway—The Sicilians in repertory. Interesting, considered as a dramatic curiosity.

Casino—Last week in town of Lulu Glaser in "Mlle. Mischief." Agreeable comic opera.

Criterion—Bernstein's "Samson." Mr.

Wm. Gillette in a "strong" play depicting a French financier with only moderate success.

Daly's—"The World and His Wife," with Mr. Faversham as the star. Spanish matrimonial triangle fairly well presented.

Empire—Last week in town of Mr. John Drew and good company in light comedy. Mr. Maugham's "Jack Straw." Highly amusing.

Garden—Mr. Henry E. Dixey in "Mary Jane's Pa." See opposite.

Garrick—Mr. William Collier in "The Patriot." Very frothy but very funny.

Hackett—Mrs. Fiske in "Salvation Nell." A powerful and admirably presented drama of slum life in New York.

Herald Square—"The Three Twins." Laughable and well presented musical farce.

Hippodrome—Georgious ballet, good circus and impressive spectacle.

Hudson—"Lady Frederick," by Mr. Maugham, with Ethel Barrymore in the title part. Bright comedy, well acted.

Lyric—"The Blue Mouse." Adaptation by Mr. Clyde Fitch. See opposite.

Majestic—Mr. De Wolf Hopper in "The Pied Piper." See opposite.

Manhattan Opera House—The Hammersteinian grand opera.

Savoy—Mr. C. R. Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." Religious insincerity in interesting dramatic form.

Stuyvesant—"The Fighting Hope." Drama of to-day and here well acted by Miss Blanche Bates and well selected company.

Weber's—Annie Russell in "The Stronger Sex." Moderately interesting drama of international matrimony.

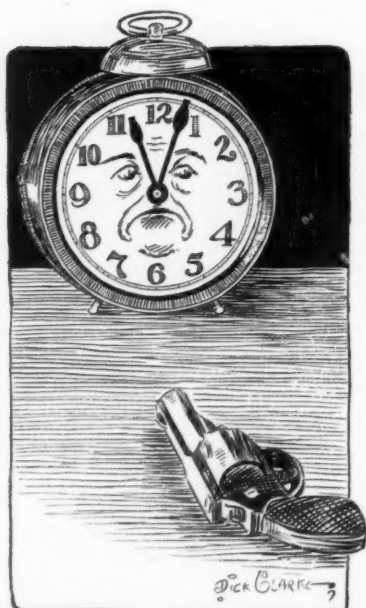
Wallack's—"The Boys and Betty," with Marie Cahill's fun and pleasant voice. A more than ordinarily agreeable musical play.

### Bridge Players Who Have Made Me Suffer



HE Lady with the deprecatory smile. "I'm afraid," she says "that I don't play a very good game." When you protest that you have heard of some of her brilliant plays, she smiles harder than ever, and declares that you are only saying that to reassure her. Afterwards, when she establishes the suit that your opponent led, after exhausting your trumps, and your looks betray you, she says, sweetly: "There, I told you what I was, so you really mustn't look that way."

*The Lady Who Hesitates.* It is her play. She first looks at the dummy's hand. Then she goes over her own. Then she selects a card, pulls it out and puts it back again. Then she says softly under her breath, "Oh, dear!" Then she goes into a brown study, while her partner leans back, with his hands in his pockets, and whistles softly to himself. Suddenly she starts up. Now you know she's off. She grabs a card almost fiercely—and as fiercely puts it back. Again she speaks: "I only wish I knew—" There is more silence.



*The Clock:* I WISH TO GOODNESS SOME ONE WOULD TAKE THAT GUN AWAY. HERE IT'S HALF PAST FOUR AND I'M AFRAID TO LOWER MY HANDS.

Finally with a timid smirk, her hand slips gingerly out and lays on the table the one card that her opponents have been hoping and praying that she would play, and her partner that she wouldn't.

*The Fiend.* "Strength or weakness?" she begins, and when you tell her she almost invariably says the opposite for herself, with a slight sniff. The instant the play begins she closes up like a mediaeval castle in war times. You can hear the drawbridge going up, and the doors creaking. Her lips are shut tight. Her eyes are glued to the table. If it is her lead, she begins with a defiant throw down. She swoops up the cards when she takes a trick, as if she longed to show the enemy, by so doing, her own mastery. When the others lead and she catches them playing out of the wrong hand, she announces the fact as if the world was coming to an end and she was the only one who could stand it. She insists upon keeping the score. And if by any chance anyone else does it, she is constantly challenging the figures. And finally, when the play is over, and she settles back between hands, she observes, with a metallic voice, "Well, we got all there was out of that hand, I'm sure."

*The Post-Mortemist.* There is a momentary pause after the last trick has been taken and the scorer is putting down the result. Everyone knows what is coming. Then she begins: "A pity you didn't play that diamond. Yes, the jack. It cost us a trick. And I think it would have been better if you had led out the clubs. You could have finessed your ten spot in the second round. I think it is always well to get out the trumps. By the way, did you know the rule about leading jack from king? Yes, we might have made two—possibly three—tricks more." Then, if it be her deal, she picks up the cards with a resigned smile, and says, as she paws them around: "We must play that hand over again when we have more time—then you shall see."

*The Lady who has been asked to fill in at the last moment.* She begins by making it spades on an original make. "Spades?" you say, with elevated eyebrows. "Oh, dear," she exclaims, "have I done something dreadful? Let me take it back, please. And do you make it, please." Your opponents gracefully signify their consent, and you make it clubs—not daring to go higher—whereupon she discloses the fact that she has four aces, to say nothing of five other diamonds. You speak of this afterwards, remarking that four aces alone would have counted one hundred in a



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no trumper, whereupon she says, in an injured tone: "I don't care, I've played only twice before, anyway, and if I had known—! But I only did it as a favor." Which leads you to remark (cursing inwardly), "Really, you know, it doesn't matter at all!"

Chesterton Todd.

### Bank Guarantee

WE wondered why bankers were so much opposed to the bank guaranty question. Attorney-General Charles West, of Oklahoma, where the law is successfully in force, lets the cat out of the bag. He says:

The national bankers regard the law with disfavor because it is clearly one of the factors and possibly the strongest one tending to build up the State banks as against national banks.

The depositors, of course, like it better, because it is more to their interest. But why should a depositor have anything to say?



"HERE Y'ARE, MISTER—UXTRA—ALL ABOUT YER OWN WEDDIN'!"

### Moloch

NOBODY who stops to think will long doubt that our surpassing wealth is very largely due to the enhancement of real estate, or that the enhancement of real estate, in its turn, is very largely due to the railways reaching out to annex new territories to the empire of commerce.

But the railways haven't wrought such a miracle by being squeamish about taking life.

On the contrary, only as they have resorted to the cheapest possible construction are they able to pay fixed charges on a capitalization sufficiently in excess of the cost of the enterprise to yield the necessary financial brains

the rewards to which they are accustomed.

By becoming Christians we fancied we were rid of the inconvenience of offering up human sacrifices, but it appears that Moloch and his crew aren't so easily outwitted. *Ramsey Benson.*

### Origin of the Stomach

THE stomach, declare sundry of the obscurer but by that no less interesting rabbinicals, was an afterthought.

Not, indeed (so runs the commentary), until He was taking the rib from Adam's side, and there came to him sundry reflections concerning the nature of woman, as it was likely to develop, did the Lord particularly foresee the need of something of the sort.

"Of course there ought now to be some way to the fellow's heart," quoth He, and having the rib cleverly out He put a stomach in. *R. B.*

### By Way of Prophecy

GLANCING over the files—the files—on-parade, as it were—of magazines and newspapers, one notices that the parodies of ten years ago ran strongly to the bicycle. "Maud Muller," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha," "The Psalm of Life," "Break, Break, Break!"—all the old stand-bys were done to death. Five years ago the automobile parodies began. It was "Come Into the Tonneau, Maud" and "Leave Me Here, And When You Want Me, Sound Upon the Auto Horn," and "We Were Crowded in the Tonneau, Not a Soul Would Dare to Leap," and so on *ad infinitum*.

No great power, no egregious ability to dip into the future is needed to foresee the next few years' parody crop. To the Parodists' Legion a few bare hints are hereby offered:

Thou too sail on, Airship of State.—*Longfellow.*

A knight was pricking on an aeroplane.—*Spencer.*

I shot an airship into the air; it fell to earth, I knew not where.—*Longfellow.*

When swift Camilla scours the aeroplane.—*Pope.*

Don't give up the airship.—*Oliver Hazard Perry.*

As idle as a painted airship.—*Cole-ridge.*

The judge rode quickly o'er the lane in his latest model aeroplane.—*Whittier.*

I am flying, Egypt, flying.—*Lytle.*

Not to mention the boy standing on the airship's deck, a life on the rolling clouds, the various and space-filling rides of Messrs. Gilpin, Revere and Sheridan, and one or two more that are really too good to be given away.

*Franklin P. Adams.*

PARKE: Do your children know you, when you rig yourself up as Santa Claus?

LANE: Oh, yes, but they are very nice about it. They pretend they don't.



WIENER WALTZES





#### ADAM, EVE AND SOME APPLES

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10. Others say Adam 8 and Eve 8 also; total, 16. But if Eve 8 and Adam 2, the total will be 90. Now, if Eve 8 1 and Adam 8 1 2 the total would be 893. Then if Eve 8 1 1st and Adam 8 1 2 the total would be 1,623. Or, again, Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam 8 1 2 4 2 oblige Eve, total 82,056. Though we admit Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam, if he 8 1 8 1 2 4 2 keep Eve company; total, 8,182,056. All wrong. Eve, when she 8 1 8 1 2 many and probably felt sorry for it, and Adam, in order to relieve her grief, 8 1 2; therefore Adam, if he 8 1 8 1 4 2 4 0-fy Eve's depressed spirit; hence both ate 81,896,864 apples. —*Kansas City Independent*.

DR. WALTER C. SMITH, the popular Scotch poet-preacher, on one occasion tried to explain to an old lady the meaning of the scriptural expression, "Take up thy bed and walk," by saying that the bed was simply a mat or rug easily taken up and carried away. "No, no," replied the lady. "I canna believe that. The bed was a regular four-poster. There would be no miracle in walking away wi' a bit o' mat or rug on your back." —*Argonaut*.



AN ART SQUARE

#### WAY OF THE WORLD

"I understand the Neweds are having trouble," remarked the spinster boarder. "Some people take her part, and some others side with him."  
"And I suppose," growled the scanty-haired bachelor at the pedel extremity of the mahogany, "there are a few eccentric people who mind their own business." —*Chicago Daily News*.

#### MAN TO MAN

After the last wagon had rattled up and left its precious package on Christmas Eve, Dolly's mother thought the occasion a suitable one for impressing something of the religious significance of the festive season upon her small consciousness.

So while she undressed her she pointed out the window to where Mars burned in the heavens and said:

"That beautiful star is your heavenly father wishing you a happy Christmas. Now what should you do to show him how grateful you are?"

Small Dolly looked perfunctorily at the glowing planet, then between yawns she said:

"Wish the same to him, I s'pose." —*Lippincott's*.

#### ONE REASON

There may be two reasons for a thing, both equally true, and it may be the height of folly to attribute the effect to both. A gentleman to whom art was a strange thing asked a friend, to whom the ways of its votaries were more familiar:

"Why does Conneray stand off and half-shut his eyes when he looks at the picture he is painting? I was in his studio the other day, and he made me do it, too."

"That's simply explained," replied the other. "Did you ever try to look at them near to, with your eyes wide open? Well, don't; you can't stand it." —*Youth's Companion*.

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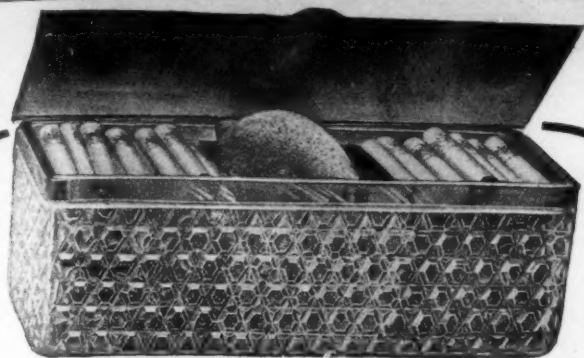
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#### A HARD LANGUAGE

"Leesten!" said the perplexed Frenchman. "When you give a sing, you cannot keep 'eem! So?"

"So," said the English instructor.

"But when a hones' man gives 'ees word, 'ee keep 'eem. So?"

"So," said the instructor.

"But when 'ee give 'ees word, 'ow can 'ee keep 'eem? Does 'ee take 'eem back?"

"No," said the instructor.

"But if 'ee keeps 'ees word 'ee does not give 'eem!"

"Oh, yes! If he does not keep his word he is not an honest man."

"Ah, I beeged to see! 'Aving given 'ees word and not taken 'eem back, 'ee keep 'eem all ze while?"

"That's it!"

"Oh, la, la, la! What a language eez ze Englishe!"—*Democratic Telegram*.

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#### THE SUNDAY PAPER

I spent five cents for the Sunday "Dart," and hauled it home in a two-wheeled cart; I piled the sections upon the floor, till they reached as high as the kitchen door; I hung the chromos upon the wall, though there wasn't room to hang them all, and the yard was littered some ten feet deep with "comic sections" that made me weep; and there were sections of pink and green, a woman's section and magazine, and sheets of music the which if played would quickly make an audience fade; and there were patterns for women's gowns and also for gentlemen's hand-me-downs; and a false mustache and a rubber doll, and a deck of cards and a parasol. Now men are busy with dray and cart, a-hauling away the Sunday "Dart."—*Emporia Gazette*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

#### NOT THAT KIND

"You claim to be a sailor?" sniffed the doubtful housewife.

"Yes, mum," hastened Hornpipe Harry, as he took a reef in his trousers.

"But you don't make use of that nautical expression, 'Shiver my timbers'?"

"Oh, no, mum. I say 'Shiver me gasbag!' or 'Shiver me wings!' I am an air-ship sailor, mum."—*Chicago News*.

#### UNCERTAIN

The secretary of one of the college classes at Princeton, in sending out each year a list of questions to be answered by members of the class, in order that the results may be duly tabulated and set forth in the university annual, is said always to include in his list this question: "Are you engaged?"

It would seem that one of the members was cursed with doubt in this respect, for in the blank space given over to the query mentioned he made his return as follows:

"Do not know. Am awaiting letter."—*Harper's Magazine*.

MRS. NEWLYWED: And you may send around some beech-nut bacon with those other groceries. We're all vegetarians at our house, you know.—*The Bellman*.

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## Life's Letter Box

(Continued from page 691.)

about it (which LIFE notoriously does not). "Self control" is an individual possession, irrespective of sex. Indeed, curiously enough, the one class who can speak with anything like authority on this question are physicians. Their testimony as to which sex as a sex manifests the most of this ingredient is singularly at variance with your writer's general complaisance.

GERALDINE BOUDINOT.

PRINCETON.

Our correspondent should remember that the fact that LIFE treats a subject briefly, or in an apparently flippant or frivolous manner, does not necessarily signify that we have failed to look into it beforehand. LIFE's method is rather to suggest than to elaborate.

### The Rights of Royalty

English society is rejoicing in the absence of restraint that now marks the royal dinner parties. It was not ever so. The dinner party with Queen Victoria at the head of the table was not exactly a festive occasion, while the effort to preserve the artificial proprieties was not conducive to an enjoyment of the viands. The queen had her own opinion about people who took more than one or two glasses of wine, while guests who spoke without being addressed were her peculiar abhorrence. Persons of real distinction, whose conversational powers or intellectual brilliancy were the cause of their invitation, were of course given a freer rein, but they were expected to scintillate all the time and to be on continuous tap.

The queen never forgot the occasion when Thomas Carlyle was her guest. Venturing to express a royal opinion upon one of the topics of the day, she was overwhelmed by a torrent of scornful condemnation as the sage of Chelsea poured forth his own vigorous and adverse opinion in a sublime forgetfulness of his surroundings. Certainly the queen had never before been so flatly and entirely contradicted, as she had never before encountered such a demonstration of intellectual tyranny. But she enjoyed it to the utmost and was accustomed to relate it with gusto. But she had a strong objection to the conversational methods of Mr. Gladstone when the national business was under discussion. She said that he talked to her as though she were a mass meeting.

But the dinner parties given by the king are a very different affair. Having selected his guests, there is no further social interference. Every one talks as he wishes, or keeps silent as he wishes, and no one is expected to sparkle or to be unnatural. In fact, the royal dinner parties nowadays are just about the same as dinner parties elsewhere. But no one knows better than the king how to punish an infringement. A wealthy tailor once remarked to the king that he did not intend to be present at a certain house party, as "the company was so mixed." The king's reply was prompt and effective: "Damn it, man, what would you have? We can't all be tailors."—*Argonaut.*

SCOTT: I hate a crowd.

MOTT: Is that why you are a Democrat?—*Boston Transcript.*

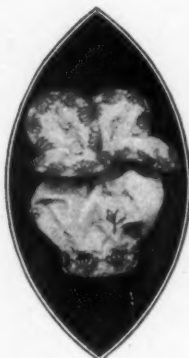
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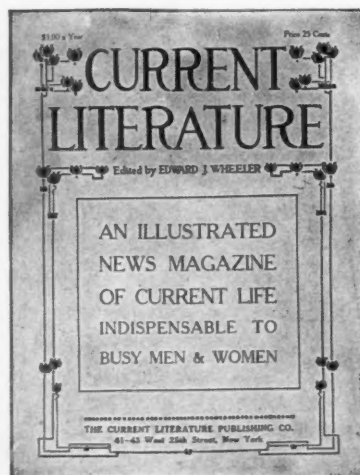
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**BY WIRELESS**

Speaking about gratitude, remarked the wireless telegraph operator of the steamship *Comanche*, reminds me of the time I tried to rescue a United States battleship. We were running down off Hatteras one rough night when, about midnight, I heard some one trying to send a wireless message in the government code to the naval station at Beaufort, S. C. I happened to know the naval code,—Continental Morse, they call it,—and I copied the message as follows:

"From U. S. S. Johnston,

"To Commandant, Beaufort, S. C.

"Find it impossible to land in boats. Sea growing fast. Can you send tug alongside to take us off? (Signed) CAPTAIN X."

The Johnston operator repeated it several times. Finally I heard Beaufort give his O. K. Then came the reply:

"From Beaufort, S. C.,

"To Captain X., U. S. S. Johnston.

"Must try to land at Fort Point. Cannot send help until daybreak. Will show red light at best point on beach.

(Signed) "COMMANDANT Z."

I read the message twice to see if I were awake. Only one conclusion seemed possible—a United States man-of-war wrecked somewhere along the Hatteras shoals—a rising sea—no help for hours.

With visions of a personal letter from the Secretary of War, not to mention the gratitude of a nation,—a house and lot, probably,—I tuned up my spark, yanked over the switch and called the Johnston. Getting his "G. A.,"—go ahead,—I shot this to him:

"From S. S. Comanche, off Hatteras,

"To U. S. S. Johnston.

"Where are you and what is the trouble? Do you need assistance? (Signed) OPERATOR."

The answer came:

"From U. S. S. Johnston,

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## MORE "FREEDOM OF THE PRESS"

From a paragraph in the department of pungent  
dramatic criticism in New York LIFE, we learn  
simultaneously that Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton  
has published a most interesting study in "The  
American Stage of To-Day," and that he has but  
recently disappeared from the columns of the New  
York Sun as dramatic critic. We are led to infer,  
from the more than usually guarded language of  
Mr. Metcalfe in LIFE, that Mr. Eaton has left  
the Sun because his criticism of plays was not  
palatable to the Theatrical Trust. A rumor is  
spread abroad by peregrinary members of the  
Friars that Mr. Eaton had to "go" because in  
response to certain of his animadversions on  
plays a number of managers got together and  
agreed to withdraw their theatrical advertising  
from the Sun. Theatrical advertising is a big  
item in the revenues of any New York paper. It  
runs sometimes to two pages on Sunday and the  
rate is 50 cents a line or \$7 per inch, and there  
are two thousand one hundred lines or one hun-  
dred and fifty inches to the page, equaling \$1,050  
per page. The withdrawal of such patronage,  
therefore, is in the nature of a sockdolager  
answer to criticism which finds fault with plays  
because of defects in ethical or æsthetic purpose  
or performance. Mr. Eaton is a scholarly critic  
and urbane. He is no slasher nor slater. His  
attitude toward the drama is not finical or cynical.  
But now and again as a conscientious critic who  
saw what was going on in the management of the  
American drama he condemned the principles and  
apparent purposes of that management. He was  
bold enough even to applaud that part of Wil-  
liam Winter's last book on stage and players, in  
which the dean of dramatic critics condemned  
the spirit of theatre management to-day. When  
he did this, a correspondent in New York sent  
Mr. Eaton's comment to the editor of the Mir-  
ror with a memorandum containing this: "Poor  
Eaton. The Syndicate will get him for this sort  
of thing. Watch!" And while we watched  
came the strong intimation in LIFE. There is  
enough force in this fortuitous concatenation of  
coincidence to justify us in adverting again to  
our theme of the "Myth of a Free Press." Plainly  
there can't be a free press in a city like New  
York, when an honest criticism of the methods of  
the Theatrical Trust—criticism, mind you, and not  
vituperative abuse—renders the critic liable to  
discharge because his employers cannot withstand  
the pressure of the withdrawal of Theatrical Trust  
advertising. It is enough to make one doubt whether  
there can be much

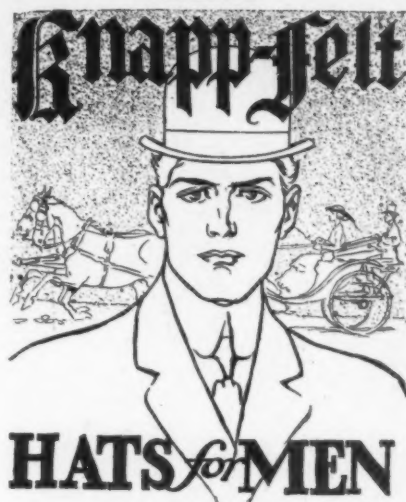
(Continued on page 713)



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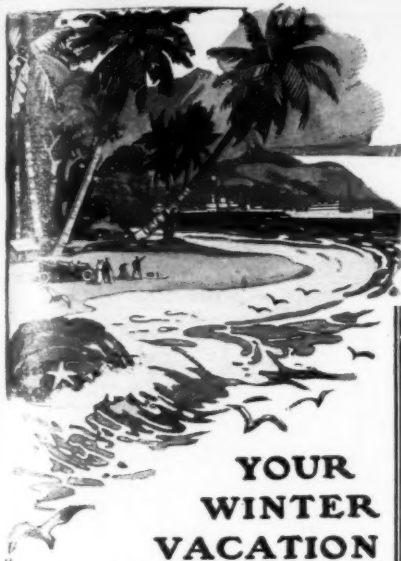
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## M. JOHNSON-BROWN & CO. NEW CONSIGNMENT OF OBJECTS OF ART No. 17 West 31st Street, New York

(Continued from page 711)

wholly fearless criticism of the drama in New York city. It is as dangerous to write against the merits of a play as it is to write something about a bond issue that the Wall Street magnates do not like. The Theatrical Trust can shut the critic out of its theatres, as it did in the case of Mr. Metcalfe, of LIFE, or it can have the critic "fired" off his paper, as it has done often, if common report among the newspaper people of New York city is to be credited. The Theatrical Trust not only monopolizes the dramaturgic output—with the exception of the Belasco-Fiske percentage—but it terrorizes actors by blacklisting them if they don't accede to its terms, and it coerces publishers into discharging critics who do not write of new plays in the strain and vein of paid puffers or press agents. The press is not free to discuss the drama, except as the Trust would have it discussed, to help business. One wonders what the press is left free to do, without fear of punishment or hope of reward. One wonders if such Trust action as that against Mr. Metcalfe, of LIFE, and that suspected of having been taken against Mr. Eaton, of the Sun, is not "a combination in restraint of trade." Is it not a boycott to cut a critic off from his means of livelihood, to have him "bounced from his job," to deny him entrance to the theatres because he doesn't write about plays just what the Theatrical Trust would have him write?—*St. Louis Mirror*.

## HE KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS

When any one asked Mr. Hobart about the New York painter who spent one summer at the Hill Crest Farm, Mr. Hobart's reply always held a mixture of liking and contempt.

"I prophesied he'd make a living," Mr. Hobart would say, "because he knew what he could do, little as 'twas, and didn't try to fly too high."

"Yes," Mr. Hobart would continue, with a thoughtful smile, "you couldn't get him to attempt any foolish flights. All that summer he set out in the hen-yard, painting hens, or else out back o' the barn, painting pigs. And when I said to him, 'Look a-here, when Abe Fowler comes to paint the house, I'll get him to show you how, and let you take a hack at the side end, where 'twon't show so much, and allow it on your board,' he just shook his head and smiled that kind o' gentle, sorrowful smile o' his, and says he, 'I couldn't think of it, Mr. Hobart. I should just ruin the looks o' the house,' he said. 'I'll keep to the pigs and the hens, for I know my limitations.'"

"Well, 'twas a real relief to me, for I suppose likely he would have botched the job consid'able; and I said to him then, real hearty, 'Young man, you'll earn your living yet, for you ain't all et up with pride and ambition'; and my words have come true, by what I hear."—*Youth's Companion*.

## MORE TROUBLE

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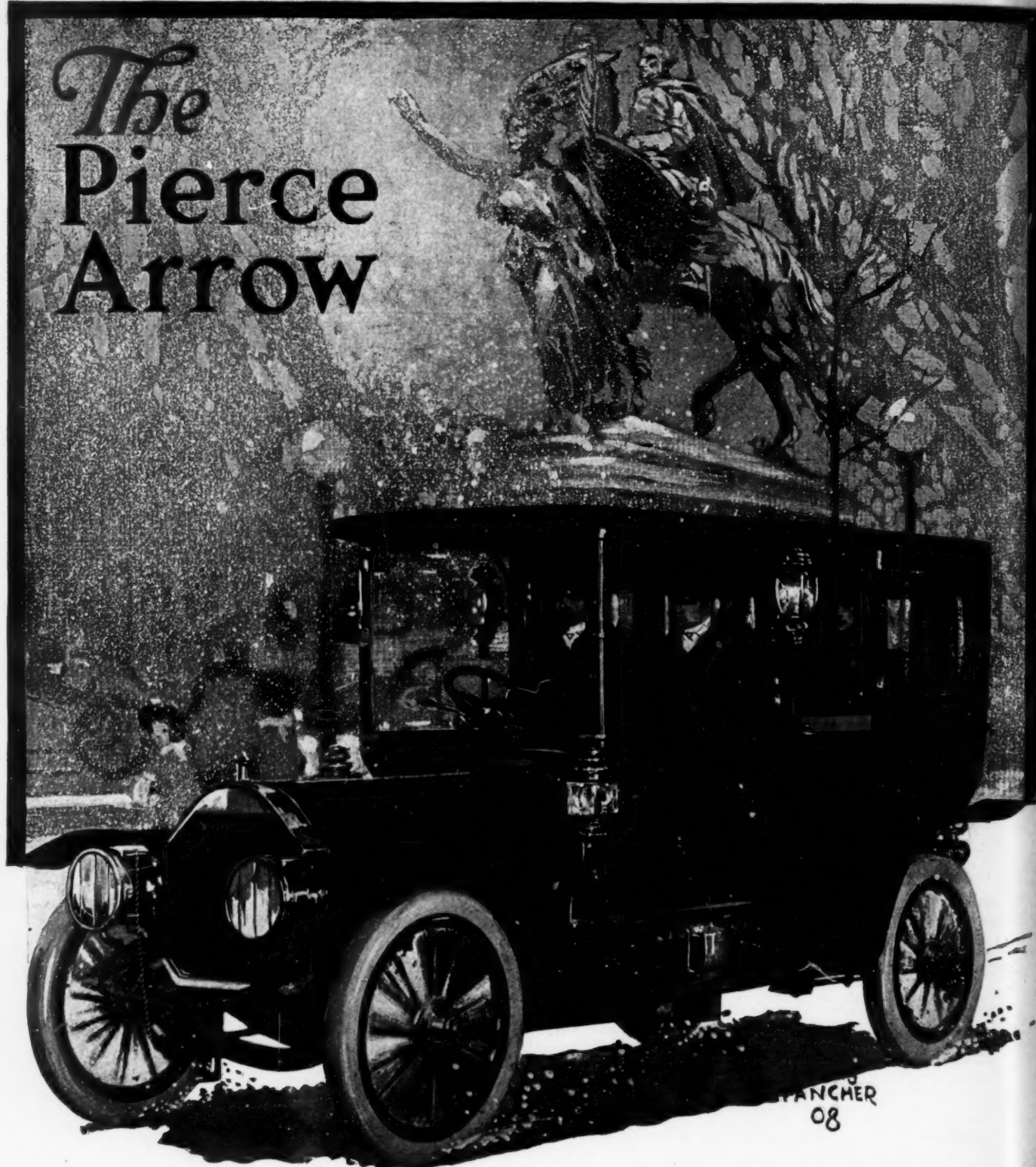
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